

THE
CHARMS
OF
LIBERTY:
A
POEM.

By the late Duke of D—

To which is added,

EPIGRAMS,
POEMS and SATYRS.

Written by several Hands.

L O N D O N :

Printed in the YEAR, MDCCIX.

®
is

THE
CHARMS
OF
LIBERTY:
A
POEM.

By the late Duke of Devonshire



EPICRAMS
AND SATIRES.

Written by several Hands.

LONDON:
Printed in the Year 1704.

THE
A
Bu
A
TH
Le
Su
He
If
Wi
Th
An
Be

THE
Charms of Liberty.

A
 P O E M,

In Allusion to the Archbishop of
Cambray's Telemachus.

By the late Duke of D——

C*Ambray!* whilst of Seraphick Love you Write,
 The noblest Image in the clearest Light:
 A Love by no self Interest debas'd,
 But on th' Almighty's high Perfection plac'd.
 A Love in which true Piety consists,
 That soars to Heaven without the help of Priests.
 Let partial *Rome* the great Attempt oppose,
 Support the Cheat from which the Income flows;
 Her Censures may condemn, but not confute,
 If best your elevated Notions suit
 With what to Reason seems the Almighty's due,
 They have, at least, an Air of being true.
 And what can animated Clay produce,
 Beyond a Guess, in matters so abstruse?

But when, descending from the Imperial height;
 You stoop of Sublunary Things to treat,
Minerva seems the Moral to dispence;
 How great the Subject, how sublime the Sense.
 Not the *Alconian Bard* with such a Flame
 E'er sung of ruling Arts; your lofty Theam
 In your *Telemachus* his Hero's Son
 We see the great Original out-done.
 There is in Vertue, sure, a hidden Charm,
 To force Esteem, and Envy to disarm;
 Else in a *flatt'ring Court* you ne'er had been design'd
 T' instruct the future Troublers of Mankind.
 Happy your native Soil, at least by Nature so,
 In none her Treasures more profusely flow:
 The *Hills* adorn'd with *Vines*, with *Flow'rs* the *Plain*
 Without the Sun's too near approach, serene:
 But Heaven in vain does on the Vineyards smile,
 The Manarch's Glory mocks the Labourer's Toil.
 What tho' elaborate Brass with Nature strive,
 And proud *Equestrian* Figures seem alive,
 With various Terrors on their Basis wrought,
 With yielding Citadels, surpriz'd or bought;
 And here the Ruins of a taken Town,
 There a Bombarded Steeple tumbling down:
 Such Prodigies of Art and costly Pains
 Serve but to gild th' unthinking Rabbles Chains.
 Oh! abject state of such as tamely groan
 Under a blind dependancy on One!
 How far inferior to the Herds that range,
 With native Freedom o'er the Woods and Plains?
 With them no fallacy of Schools prevail,
 Nor of a Right Divine the nauseous Tale
 Can give to one amongst themselves Power,
 Without controul, his Fellows to devour.
 To Reasoning Human Kind alone belong
 The Arts to hurt themselves by reasoning wrong.
 How-

Howe'er the foolish Notion first began,
 Of trusting *Absolute* to lawless Man:
 Howe'er a Tyrant may by Force subsist;
 For who would be a Slave that can resist?
 Those set the Casuist safest on the Throne,
 Who make the People's Int'rest their own;
 And choosing rather to be lov'd than fear'd,
 Are Kings of Men, not of a servile Herd.
 Oh Liberty! too late desir'd, when lost,
 Like Health, when wanted, thou art valued most.
 In Regions where no Property is known,
 Thro' which the *Garone* runs and rapid *Rhone*,
 Where Peasants toil for Harvest not their own,
 How gladly would they quit their Native Soil,
 And change for Liberty their Wine and Oil.
 As Wretches chain'd and labouring at the Oar,
 In sight of *Italy's* delightful Shoar,
 Reflect on their unhappy Fate the more.
 Thy Laws have still their Force above the rest
 Of *Gothick* Kingdom, happy *Albion's* blest.
 Long since their ancient Freedom they have lost,
 And servilely of their Subjection boast.
 Thy better Fate the vain Attempts resists
 Of faithless Monarchs, and designing Priests,
 Unshaken yet the Government subsists.
 While streams of Blood the Continent o'erflow,
 Red'ning the *Maese*, the *Danube*, and the *Po*,
 Thy *Thames*, auspicious Isle, her Thunder sends
 To crush thy Foes, and to relieve her Friends.
 Say Muse, since no surprize, or foreign stroak,
 Can hurt her, guarded by her Walls of Oak;
 Since wholesome Laws her Liberty transfer
 To future Ages, what can *Albion* fear?
 Can she the dear-bought Treasures throw away?
 Have Universities so great a sway?

The Muse is silent, cautious to reflect
 On Mansions where the Muses keep their Seat.
 Barren of Thought, and niggardly of Rhime,
 My creeping Numbers are forbid to climb;
 Vent'ring too far, my weary Genius fails,
 And o'er my drooping Senses Sleep prevails.
 An antick Pile near *Thames's* silver Stream,
 Was the first Object of my airy Dream;
 In ancient times a Consecrated Fane,
 But since apply'd to uses more Prophane:
 Fill'd with a popular debating Throng,
 Oft in the Right, and oft'ner in the Wrong:
 Of Good and Bad, the variable Test,
 Where the Religion that is voted best
 Is still inclin'd to persecute the rest.
 On the high Fabrick stood a Monster fell,
 Of hideous form, Second to none in Hell:
 The Fury, to be more abhor'd and fear'd,
 Her Teeth and Jaws with clods of Goar besmear'd,
 Her parti-colour'd Robe obscenely stain'd
 With pious Murthers, Freeman wrack'd and chain'd,
 With the implacable and brutish Rage
 Of fierce Dragoons, sparing no Sex nor Age.
 With all the horrid Instruments of Death,
 Of torturing Innocents to improve their Faith,
 Clouding the Roof with their infectious Breath.
 Thus she began, Are then my Labours vain,
 That to the Powers of *France* have added *Spain*?
 Vain my Attempts to make that Empire great;
 And shall a Woman by Designs defeat,
 Baffle th' Infernal Projects I've begun,
 And break the Measures of my favourite Son?
 Tho' far unlike the Heroes of her Race,
 That made their Humors of their Laws take place,
 And, slighting Coronation Oath's, disdain'd
 Their high Prerogative should be restrain'd.

Tho'

Tho' her own Isle is blest with Liberty,
 Has she a Right to set all *Europe* free?
 Under this Roof, with management, I may
 The Progress of her Arms at least delay,
 From a contagious Vapour I shall blow;
 Within those Walls Breaches may wider grow.

Here let imaginary Fears be shown
 Of Danger to the Church, when there is none.
 From trivial Bills let warm Debate arise,
 Foment Sedition, and retard Supplies.
 If once my treacherous Arts, and watchful Care,
 Break the Confederacy, and end the War,
 Ador'd, in Hell I may in Triumph sit,
 And *Europe* to one Potentate submit.

Waking at so detestable a Sound,
 Which would all Order and all Peace confound,
 I cry'd, Infernal Hag! be ever dumb;
 Thee, with her Arms, let *Anna* overcome;
 Who here reigns Queen, by Heavens on us bestow'd
 To right the Injur'd, and subdue the Proud:
 As *Rome* of old gave Liberty to *Greece*,
Anna th' invaded sinking Empire frees.
 The Allies her Faith, her Power the *French* proclaim,
 Her Piety th' Opprest, the World her Fame.
 At *Anna's* Name, dejected, pale, and scar'd,
 The execrable Fantom disappear'd.

*An Epigram of Flaminius, to his Drinking
 Mistress.*

CHloe, you write to me for Coin,
 And in return I send you Wine,
 Like Wealth, its Power is equally Divine.
 E'en stick to that, 'twill make you merry,
 For mine, or others absence cheer ye;

That softens every Nymph that's cruel,
 For mellow *Venus* is a Jewel.
 So *Ariadne*, when her wanderer,
 False *Theseus*, left her, wash'd off Grief and Care,
 Enjoy'd God *Bacchus*, and became a Star.

E P I G R A M.

IMpubis nuppi valido, nunc firmior annis
 Ex succo & tremulo sum sociata viro.
 Ille fatigavit teneram, hic ætate valentem
 Intactam tota nocte jacere Sinet.
 Dum nollem licuit, nunc dum volo non licet uti,
 O Hymen aut annos, aut mihi redde virum.

Translated thus. By Mr. Tho. Brown.

Coming a tender Girl from School,
 Marrying, I met a Thundring Fool;
 But fit for Love's Embraces grown,
 I've got a thing that's next to none.
 The first with Youth's too vigorous warmth in-
 [spir'd
 With Love's untasted Joys my Weakness tir'd:
 My second grunting Spark, cold to Love's Charms,
 He fills my Bed, 'tis true, but not my Arms.
 When I'd no Appetite Love cloy'd me,
 Now I've a mind to't 'tis deny'd me.
 O Hymen, Hymen! for my Quiet,
 Contract my Stomach, or enlarge my Diet.

On the Power of Gold. By Mr. Burnaby.

Beginning, Quisquis habet nummos, &c.

WHoe'er has Money may securely Sail;
 On all things with all-mighty Gold prevail.
 May

May Danae Wed, or rival Amorous Joves
 And make her Father Pandar to his Love.
 May be a Poet, Preacher, Lawyer too;
 And, bawling, win the Cause he does not know:
 And up to Cato's Fame for Wisdom grow.
 Wealth without Law will gain at Bar renown,
 Howe'er the Case appears, the Cause is won,
 Every rich Lawyer is a *Littleton*.
 In short, of all you wish you are possess'd,
 All things prevent the wealthy Man's request,
 For *Jove* himself's the Treasure of his Chest.

On a W I F E.

By the Author of the London Spy; beginning,
 Uxor, legitimus debet quasi Censuram amari, &c.

A Wife, who as our own by Law we hold,
 We ought to value, as we do our Gold;
 But even that, which few delight to pay,
 On some Accounts, we ought to throw away.

Wiving, like Coining, for our Ease began;
 Both were intended for the Good of Man:
 The Coin the Image of the Prince shou'd wear,
 The Woman should her Husband's Image bear,
 Both from the pow'r of others should be freed,
 And both should serve us at a time of need;
 But if by keeping either Wife or Coin,
 We find that neither answers our Design,
 Both shou'd be parted with whene'er we please,
 And not be kept to interrupt our Ease;

For

For when the End propos'd is once destroy'd,
The Vows that make us wretched must be void.

True, we should prize our Money and our
[Wives,
So long as they add Comfort to our Lives ;
But if the Metal, or the Dame proves base,
And bears the Stamp of an adult'rous Face,
As worthless Dross and Counterfeits they ought,
To be despis'd, whene'er we find 'em naught ;
And as each Plant their Fruits when rotten shed,
So both should be divorc'd from Bag and Bed ;
For Coin that's bad's a scandal to the Purse,
And a false Woman is a matchless Curse.

Concerning our Choice in Marriage.

By the same ; beginning, Morbus & Vultu Mu-
lier quæratu habenda, &c.

HE that for Money weds *preposterous* Shapes,
Is brib'd to get a brood of *monstrous* Apes ;
Such as may fright their Nurfses, shame the Earth,
And be hereafter bound to curse their Birth ;
For Female Pigmies must infect their breed,
And stint the growth of Man's prolifick Seed.
The wary Farmer scorns to spend his Toil
Upon a hungry and unfruitful Soil.
The prudent Potter breaks and throws away
The faulty Mould, that would deform his Clay,
What upright Mortal would not then disdain
The Womb, that should degrade the *Shape of Man,*
And,

And, by its strange distorted Cells, debase
 The heavenly Image of the God-like Race ;
 Which adds most comfort to the *Husband's Life* ;
 Full Bags with a preposterous homely Wife,
 Whose plenteous Fortune he may soon exhaust
 On some kind Harlot, who has Charms to boast ;
 Or she, whose lovely Form is so divine,
 That 'tis enough to bless thee that she's thine ;
 What tho' her Fortune's small : her *Beauty's* great,
 And will delight thee more than an Estate ;
 She'll make thee happy in a sprightly brood
 Of infant Angels, cloath'd in Flesh and Blood ;
 Such whose sweet Charms will please you more
 Than all the Gold,
 And cause you to be reverenc'd when old :
 But the crook'd armful of distorted Bones,
 Will turn your *Nuptial Joys* to *Sighs and Groans*,
 And curse you with a Race of *Monkey Sons*.

That the Dog of Hell was a Lawyer.

*By the same ; beginning, Cerberus, forensis erat
 Causidicus, &c.*

SURE *Cerberus* a Lawyer first must be,
 Whose clam'rous Mouth wou'd open for a Fee ;
 But, since whene'er he wrangl'd, still he had
 Three specious Reasons for the Noise he made ;
 To please his Client, to inform the Court,
 And to gain Riches for his own support ; [bear,
 Therefore he's doom'd in Hell *three Heads* to
 And in his Mouth *three howling Tongues* to wear ;
 That

That the loud Eloquence he once could boast
 To his own Int'rest, but his Client's Cost,
 Might now be turn'd to dreadful Howls and
 [Yelps,
 The snarling Language of illiterate Whelps :
 And tho' on Earth, no other Bribe but Gold
 Would make the Pleader for his Client Scold,
 Yet now in Hell a greasse Sop must be,
 Instead of Coin, the growling Puppy's Fee.

On a happy Life's consisting in Virtue.

A Fragment ; beginning, Non est falleris &c.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

YOU'RE mightily deceiv'd, I swear,
 And mightily, my Friend, your err ;
 Wretched's the state in which you guess
 Consists our Life's chief Happiness.
 'Tis not your Fingers to behold,
 Loaded with Rubies set in Gold ;
 Nor, like a Royal Miss, to wear
 A Nations value in your Ear ;
 Nor all the Trifles to receive,
 That the *Exchange* or *Mint* can give ;
 With all the shining Toys and Cost,
 The *Strand* or *Lombard-street* can boast.
 Nor is't, like Popes, our selves to please,
 With holy Luxury and Ease :
 Nor yet on Purple Beds to sleep,
 Whilst Centinels your Palace keep.

Nor

Nor yet in mighty Pomp to feast,
 Or smell the Odours of the *East*.
 Nor is't to have our glittering Board,
 Uncommon Rarities afford :
 Tall Pyramids of Fowl and Fish,
 For which even Epicures might wish;
 And whatsoe'er the costliest Feast
 Can boast of when by *Locket* dress'd.
 Nor to possess the Spicy store,
 Which our *East-India-Fleet* brings o'er :
 But 'tis to have a Conscience,
 Guarded with spotless Innocence ;
 And with a Courage to advance,
 'Gainst all the Shocks of Time and Chance ;
 And not, as *Monmouth* did, to go
 Amongst the scoundril Mob and Bow,
 On both sides popularly low.
 Nor yet to be with Fears possess'd,
 Tho' naked Swords insult your Breast.
 The happy Man that thus can be,
 From all these anxious Sorrows free,
 May giddy Fortune make his Sport,
 And smile at both the Camp and Court.
 A Mind so steddily, unconcern'd and brave,
 May force th' Imperious Jilt to be his Slave.

A F R A G M E N T.

*Upon the Levity of Woman. Beginning, Crede
 Ratem Ventis, &c.*

C O m m i t your Ship to Sea and Wind ;
 But not your Thoughts to Womankind.

The

Tryphæna's Speech for Peace, on board the Ship
of Lycas; beginning, Quis furor exclamat,
Pacem convertit, &c.

What Fury did these sudden Broils engage,
 How have these guiltless Hands de-
 [serv'd the Rage?
 No *Paris* a stoln Dame to *Troy* conveys,
 No Witch *Medea* here her Brother slays :
 But slighted Love must needs resenting be :
 And 'midst the Waves who is the raging he
 Now robb'd of Arms, that can attempt my Fate?
 By whom is simple Death so little thought ?
 Let not your murderous Rage out-storm the Seas,
 And Dangers of the angry Waves encrease.

On the Misery of Mankind; beginning, Heu, Heu, nos Miseros, &c.

U Nhappy Mortals, on how fine a Thread
Our Lives depend ! how like this Pup-
[pet Man
Shall we, alas, be all when we are dead !
Therefore let's live merrily while we can.

*In defence of Satyr ; beginning, Quid me con-
stricta spectatis fronte, &c.*

WHY do the strict-liv'd *Cato's* of the Age
At my familiar Lines so gravely rage?
In measures loosely plain, blunt Satyr flows,
Which all the People so sincerely shows.
For who's a Stranger to the Joys of Love?
Who can't the thoughts of such soft Pleasures
[move?

Such *Epicurus* own'd the chiefest Bliss,
And such Lives the Gods themselves possess.

*An Epigram on Tantalus ; beginning, Nec bibit
inter aquas, &c.*

UNhappy *Tantalus*, amidst the Flood,
Where floating Apples on the surface
Ever pursu'd them with a longing Eye, [stood,
Yet could not Thirst nor Hunger satisfy.
Such is the Miser's Fate, who curst with Wealth,
In midst of endless Treasures starves himself.

The ORACLE.

*A Fragment, Paraphrased and adapted to the Mo-
dern Times ; beginning, Linque tuas sedes
Juvenis, &c.*

HAste generous Youth, a foreign World explore
And quit this cruel, this ungrateful Shore ;
The

The rapid *Rhine*, and *Ister's* foaming Wave,
 Expect a Chief so resolute and Brave:
 Upon their Banks you shall the War decide,
 And routed Troops shall swell the Purple Tide.
 In vain the *French* uncertain Saints invoke,
Dunkirk once more shall feel the *British* Yoke.
Ipres our Troops, our Arms shall *Lisle* subdue,
 And Storm *Namur*, when reinforc'd by you.
 But prudently of future Wrongs afraid,
 If you deny, ungrateful Squadrons aid,
 Charge with the *Prussian* Foot, or *Danish* Horse,
 And Lines defended by the Household Force.
 Or if your thoughts on bolder hazards run,
 Fir'd by the Rays of a *West-Indian* Sun,
 O'er unknown ways your daring Fleet shall go,
 Far to the South of burning *Mexico*;
 No more in Gems their Pagan Gods shall shine,
 But all the Treasures of the West be thine.
Ulysses buried in his barren Isle
Illustrious Greece, by Banishment and Toil,
 His adverse Fate did but his worth approve,
 And sighing Goddesses pursu'd his Love.



F I N I S